Mississippi BOAT RACE

St. Louis

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91 Fourth Street

COMPTON. ENG. St. LOUIS.

THE MISSISSIPPI BOATRACE.

BY OUR PILOT.

Voice.

Piano.

Some boats are fast and oth_ers slow, Sternwheel boats on the O_hi_o, With five feet scant on all the bars, This boat can beat the Rail Road cars; Oh! now's the time for a bul_ly trip, Then shake her up and let her rip.

Entered according to act of Congress A. D. 1856 by H. Pilcer & Son in the Clerks office of the Dist. Court of Mo.

CHORUS.

Air.

Now's the time for a bul ly trip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day,

Tenor.

Now's the time for a bul ly trip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day,

1. Bass.

Now's the time for a bul ly trip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day,

2. Bass.

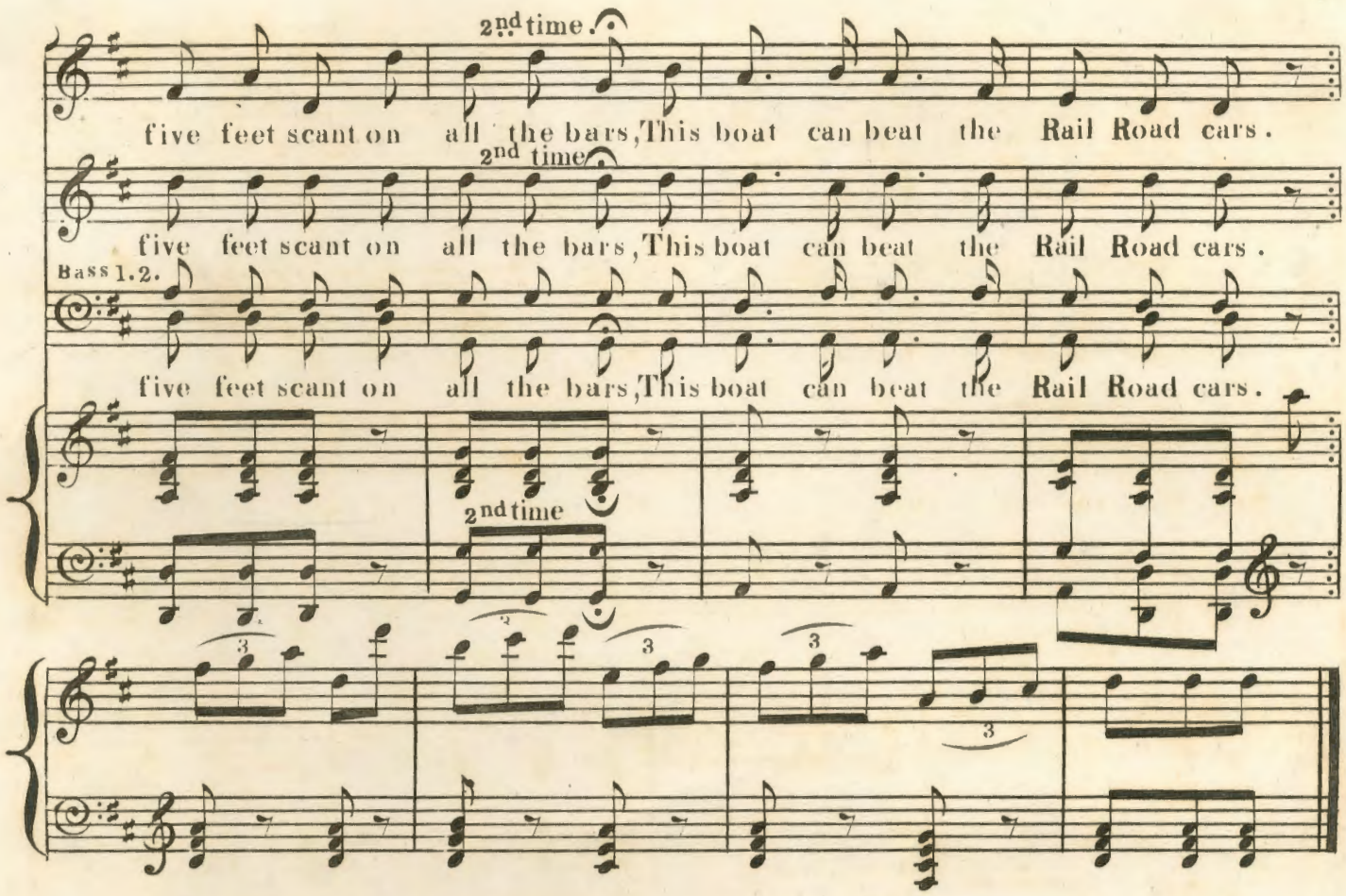
Now's the time for a bul ly trip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day,

Shake her up and let her rip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day; With

Shake her up and let her rip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day; With

Shake her up and let her rip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day; With

Shake her up and let her rip, Hoo dah, doo dah, hoo dah day; With



2.

They bantered us with their new boat
And challenged every thing afloat;
The „Horns" are left at Cairo town;
The winning boat to wear them down;
On board we've wood and grease enough,
To win the race or blow her up. Chorus:

3.

Oh crowd her hard with tar and pine,
The other boat's ten miles behind;
Telegraph wires are much too slow,
When safty valves are tied below;
I've bet my all I'm bound to win,
And fill my pockets with the tin. Chorus:

4.

The boys, they all enjoy this fun,
It's not the first time we have run,
Our captain bets on every race,
And when he drinks he „runs his face";
I saw him plank ten thousand down,
With captain Joe, in Orleans town. Chorus:

5.

New Orleans is a funny place,
They stake their pile on every race,
Sometimes they're flush, and then hard up;
A trotting match for a silver cup;
Some bet to win and some to lose,
Oh that's the way the money goes. Chorus:

6.

Wood up my boys with coal and tar,
She moves along like a shooting star,
Memphis now is out of sight,
Cairo we'll reach to morrow night,
And then lay to, and wait our time
The bully boat of the „Lightning line" Chorus: